

THE CHIEFTAIN FATAL ACCIDENT

For the cause that Indiaresistance,
or the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do,

Published Every Friday by the
INDIAN CHIEFTAIN PUBLISHING CO.

A Young Man, Named Davis,
Came to an Untimely
Death by a Revolver
Left in Bed.

VINITA, I. T., DEC. 22, 1882.

We started to write an article on "What Council did, and what they did not do," but find out they "did not do" so much more than they "did do," we give it up as a hard job.

The Downing portion of the Union Party got beautifully downed as usual this Council—the Ross faction, carrying off all the prizes, in the way of positions, that were worth a cent. We can stand it, because we do not believe that there is a Downing man in the country, except perhaps those who have traded, for place, who owe any allegiance whatever to the Union Party.

The government Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., has representatives among the students of nearly all the tribes in the eastern part of the Indian Territory. The Sioux, Pawnees, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Apaches, Comanches, Wichitas, Arapahoes, Navajos, Modocs, Caddos and Delawarens have sent the sons and daughters of many of their best families. The course of study is for five years, and a large proportion of the students will complete the whole of it.

CAPTAIN PAYNE is at Wichita and his office is thronged daily. Payne's Oklahoma colony is flourishing. They have fixed the date of their departure for Oklahoma on February 1, 1883. Captain Payne is in correspondence with Mr. Walderon of Kansas City. The Kansas City and Wichita colonies will no doubt arrange to locate together upon the ceded lands, and to enter them at the same time. As to Payne's suit for damages against General Pope, Judge McCrary, under an agreement with counsel, will hear the case at St. Louis, Keokuk or Rock Island, in the very near future.—Ez.

These parties who are trying to pull down Col. Tufts, our Agent, are shooting their darts where they fall, harmless, and we do not believe that with all their intriguing they cannot move him one jot or tittle, for he has simply done his duty fearlessly and honestly, not asking these malobs, so called, favors for any of their advice—hence their anger. We are glad to see, too, that Col. Tufts has not lent himself to any of these would be bosses for the purpose of helping them to manufacture politics for themselves. Col. Tufts has the confidence and good will of the majority of our people—the people of the whole Indian Territory, even though he be not the pliant tool of these so called leaders.

EXPLANATION.—Read the first line, and then every other only.

Hints to Those Who Need Them.

If your seal is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises before you, roll it away, or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skins worth something. Don't be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The son does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet. If you are a girl, grow slowly but surely. It makes no round, and never rises. It is easy to be a leader as a wheel-house; if the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more compensation you must be to do it.

Money for Indians.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—The pending Indian appropriation bill appropriates \$413,000 for the subsistence and civilization of the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches and Wichitas, and provides that of the above sum \$5,000 may be expended in removing the Northern Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians now in the Indian Territory to a more favorable location. The senate appropriation committee has recommended the abolition of the Ute commission.

Principal Chief—\$2000. Assistant Principal Chief—\$1000. District Judge—\$400. District Sheriff—\$500. District Solicitors—\$400.

All laws and parts of laws conflicting with this act are hereby repealed.

A New York physician advises ladies to learn to whistle and to practice for the good of their lungs. Evidently he doesn't believe in the old adage of a "whistling girl."

A NEW DRUMMER.

William Simmonson was a publisher of a newspaper up in Iowa. The paper was made as to typography, and very readable, although the editor was not much of writer, he could clip like all possessed. Simmy, that's what we always called him, had a pretty fair supply of horse sense, but very little experience. He took it at the residence of Jesse Mayes, on Grand River, opposite the Cherokee Orphan Asylum, on last Tuesday morning, the 19th inst., Mr. Mayes neglected to take his revolver out of his bed, when he got up, and Davis, who was staying with him, went to Mayes' bed for a blanket, and not knowing the deadly weapon lay hidden in the bed, he pulled the blanket off and hit the instrument which caused the horrible accident, by falling on the floor and firing, taking effect on his left breast, penetrating the heart and causing an instant death. Davis was a young man, who had been renting in this country for some time, and so far as we have heard was a first-class young man, such as this country can't afford to lose. He was not a citizen and we are unable to find where his former home was.

THAT BILL.

The bill passed by the late Council appointing a Commission of three to reserve Vinita, Fort Gibson, Tahlequah and to survey the new towns along the line of the A. & P. Ry., has created quite a ripple here. It is understood here that the bill provides for the removal of all the houses not belonging to the R. R. Companies off of the railroad reservation. We are not exactly certain that the bill reads that way, but it does read that all streets, alleys, reservations etc., shall be cleared. The Commission is vested with the power to settle the boundary lines of lots, and other differences, and are to be the judges of what property stands in the way, and to a certain extent to construe the law. His work could scarcely be seen. His work could scarcely be seen. Simmonson thought this strange. He couldn't see through it. He felt he was a power, a giant, and that his paper was par excellency—a darn sight better than any paper in the country; he thought the trouble must be with his drummer. He thought he'd examine his new man, accordingly did. Said he, "Now you go out and come in and go through your regular programme with me; act as though I was a granger merchant you wanted to trap for a few cases."

"All right," said the young man. He went out, and came in wearing a camp-meeting smile and a sweet girl graduate grin, which covered his youthful face like a summer cloud. Said he,

"I represent the *Battle Ax*, of *Freedom*, a weekly newspaper printed in Slickville at \$2 per year, devoted to gal, gossip, paid advertisements and religion; job work a specialty, cheap for cash, ten cents a line first insertion and five cents each additional one, warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded, to any postoffice address for \$1.50 cash in hand. No holes with daddies in them or pumpkins, card wood or dried apples taken. Will you take it?"

This was too much for Simmonson. It broke him into pieces. He grew red in the face and called his new man a fool. The new man took it in good part and told Simmonson, who was a small man, to go out and show him how to do it, and he would act the other fellow.

"Nuff said," remarked Simmonson, and went out the editor, and a moment later returned with a grin that would melt the heart of a blind mother-in-law or colicky mule. Said he:

"I represent the *Battle Ax*; my card please. The *Battle Ax* is the largest and best county paper in the State, devoted to home and foreign news, gossip, literature and poetry. I also do job printing, best and cheapest in the West, ad infinitum, ad about three-quarters of a column."

The new man listened a moment, and with a north-pole-ice-berg pant said:

"No time to talk. Don't want no papers; get out."

"But," said Simmy, "I have—"

"I don't care a d— continental what you have, Gil!"

"Yes, but," said Simmy, endeavoring to be equal to the emergency.

"Yes, but—and if you don't get out of here I will—"

"Yes, but—you—" and with this the new man landed Simmy in the road, returned and slammed the office door roughly.

In a moment Simmy was back as mad as a March hare in August and wanted to mop the floor with the impudent youth.

"But," said the new man, "we acted the thing to perfection. We ought to go on the stage. You did just as I do, and I did just as the merchant does. I guess I will return to the firm. Good day."

And he retired from the road forever.—Grip.

As Iowa paper headed its election returns, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." This jubilant could have been used by a thousand democratic sheets.

Our Curator, of the Muscogee's, has called on the U. S. authorities to assist him in suppressing armed opposition to National authority.



A Merry Christmas AND HAPPY NEW YEAR! TO ONE AND ALL! F. H. CASS.

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